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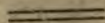
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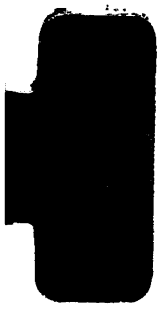


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THE
WOODMAN'S
DREAM



BY
JOHN MELLOR

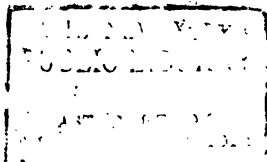


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THE RHYME OF THE WOODMAN'S DREAM



Death circles o'er the mire and gore
Where men each other slay.

Stanza XXXVI, Page 48

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THE RHYME OF THE WOODMAN'S DREAM

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

JOHN MELLOR

1

ILLUSTRATIONS AND DECORATIONS

BY HARRY E. GODWIN



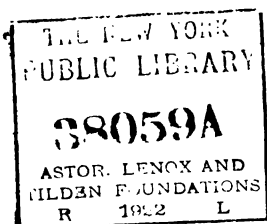
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1921





THE RHYME OF THE WOODMAN'S DREAM

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TO
My Wife
WHO FOR THIRTY-TWO YEARS
HAS BEEN A HELP MEET FOR ME
I Lovingly Dedicate
THIS LITTLE
BOOK

Facit indignatio versum

Juvenal—Satirae I. 79.

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“Now could I drink hot blood”

Hamlet Act III., Scene 2.

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Our English Martyrologer counted it a sufficient APOLOGY for what meanness might be found in the first edition of his "Acts and Monuments," that it was "hastily rashed up in about fourteen months."

COTTON MATHER,
Introduction to *Magnalia Christi Americana*.

THE APOLOGY



POETRY is a drug on the market. This being true no apology seems to be due from one making such a remark. Since it is so trite it would appear as if it were doubly necessary that an apology should be forthcoming from any one who would deliberately perpetrate poetry, publish it, and thus inflict it upon a suffering public.

Furthermore, the apology due the public for this breach of the rules of civilized peacefare will be all the more necessary if it is discovered that the offender is a gray-haired man, verging on sixty years of age. The putting together of jingling rhymes by a young man may be excused, but for a grandfather to indulge in it requires some apology or special pleading.

I intend this to take the place of a "Preface" because in most books the "Preface" is the place where the author makes his excuse to his readers for his work.

A "Preface" is a useful contrivance which may be found convenient for padding out a book that would otherwise look very thin; and, as "bulk" may be mistaken for "quality" by some people, the author is tempted to stretch it out in the hope that the reader will be beguiled into believing that he has received his money's worth. However, as the "Preface" is also the place where an author tells why, and how, and wherefore, he came to write his book, I must perform that task.

About forty years ago a noted tragedian had in his repertory Hood's poem, "The Dream of Eugene Aram," which he recited occasionally, or when the play of the

evening was short. I remember, one evening being in the top gallery of a theatre, among the "gods," when he recited this poem, and I sat spellbound. The next day I bought the poem, and after a few readings, I knew it by heart. I had not before appreciated its dramatic power.

In my humble opinion Hood's "Eugene Aram" is the greatest narrative ballad that has ever been written, judging it from a "dramatic" or "recitative" point of view. I am aware that a noted writer has said "The Ancient Mariner" is as rounded as a gem, and the light that plays through it is unstained by a single flaw."

That's exactly the point I wish to make for "Eugene Aram," the light that plays through it. Now, if a so-called picture is all light it will be no picture, there must be splashes or even great expanses of dark, black or gray; in other words, there must be contrasts, and the closer the contrasts, the more effective will be the picture.

It is contrast that makes the scene in Hamlet, (Act III., Scene 4) so effective. Here Hamlet is showing his mother, in imagination, the pictures of his father and of his uncle, (her present husband and the murderer of his father.) He says:—

"Look here, upon this picture, and on this."

There we have a dramatic introduction to a description of his father, after which he says:—

"This was your husband. Look you now, what follows:
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor?"

There we have contrast in a marked degree, the fair picture of one husband and the black picture of the other.

In "Eugene Aram" these contrasts abound. You will remember how Aram kills his victim, how he attempts

to hide the body by casting it into a stream, "a sluggish water black as ink," and how he "sat among the urchins young, that evening in the school." Then follows:—

"Oh Heaven! to think of their WHITE souls
And mine so BLACK and grim."

After a sleepless night spent in agony, Aram decides to go and see "The Dead Man in his grave." Then come the following two stanzas:—

"Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black accursed pool
With a wild misgiving eye;
And I saw the dead in the river bed
For the faithless stream was dry.

Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dewdrop from his wing;
But I never marked his morning flight,
I never heard him sing;
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing."

Mark the great contrast between the opening lines in these two stanzas, "Heavily I rose up," and, "Merrily rose the lark." I cannot find in the whole of the "Ancient Mariner," which is nearly four times as long as "Eugene Aram," anything that appeals to me as being nearly as forceful in dramatic power as the stanzas quoted above. Hood's works abound with such dramatic contrasts. Take, for example, this stanza from the simple ballad, "I Remember, I Remember," which you all know:—

"I remember, I remember,
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet!"

There is tragedy in that last line and vivid contrast too, although Hood does not express it in words, it is there. "The TREE is living yet." He does not SAY that his brother is dead but you know it, you FEEL it, and the vivid contrast, the LIVING tree, the DEAD brother, is presented to the mind's eye in a striking manner.

Therefore it is that I like Hood better than Coleridge. While I know that the prevailing opinion of the literary critics of the present day is opposed to this view, I also know that "The Ancient Mariner" has an advantage over "Eugene Aram" because the former is used as a theme for a textbook on poetry in some of our schools and colleges. The reader is entitled to his own opinion, just as well as are the critics, and my opinion, expressed here, will help to swell this little book. Indeed, it may result in saving "The Woodman's Dream" from criticism.

Victor Hugo in his preface to "Cromwell" says:—

"Notes and prefaces are sometimes a convenient method of adding weight to a book, and of magnifying in appearance, at least, the importance, of a work; as a matter of tactics this is not dissimilar to that of the general who, to make his battlefront more imposing, puts everything, even his baggage trains, in the line. And then, while critics fall foul of the preface and scholars of the notes, it may happen that the work itself will escape them, passing uninjured between their cross-fires, as an army extricates itself from a dangerous position between two skirmishes of outposts and rearguards."

Thus far we have traveled in this Apology, and I have not yet told you why I came to write the work which follows, but I have been gradually leading up to it.

When the Great War broke upon the world in August, 1914, the power of Germany—the greatest military nation the world has ever known—became concentrated

upon the destruction of life and property. For forty-four years the whole of the inventive genius of that nation had been occupied with the invention and production of military lethal weapons; its ruling class had been engaged in drilling and equipping the greatest army that ever came under the dominance of one directing mind; and its teachers and college professors were absorbed in the task of imbuing the whole German nation with the idea that their lethal weapons were so powerful, perfect, and plentiful, that no combination of nations, not even the whole world, could withstand them. As a consequence they became obsessed with the idea of "World Conquest," the motto, "Might is Right," became their own.

The German military leaders knew that the success of their plans depended upon rapidity of action, so, from the start, the invaders of Belgium and France conducted the war with a ruthlessness and brutality scarcely believable by those of us who were four thousand miles away. Only by a violent stretch of the imagination could we half realize what it meant to have thousands of square miles of countryside laid waste; villages, towns, and cities utterly destroyed; and men, women, and children, by the million, driven from their homes.

When we considered the terrible atrocities that were committed in Belgium, Poland, Serbia, Montenegro, and Albania, all of which were laid waste by fire and sword; the sacking of Louvain, the destruction of Rheims, the bombardment of unprotected cities, the dropping of Zeppelin bombs on peaceful villages, the ruthless sinking of the Lusitania, with more than a thousand non-combatant victims, the destruction of hundreds of other vessels, including hospital ships, and the consequent loss of thousands of innocent lives; when we reflected upon all these

things, and upon the millions of lives that were sacrificed in battle, our horror and indignation naturally centered upon the instigator of this atrocious crime, the arch-criminal," the man who "lifted the lid off hell"—the ruthless and brutal Kaiser.

One day while thinking about these things the well-known passage from "The Dream of Eugene Aram" flashed in my mind:—

"And well," quoth he, "I know for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme
Woe, Woe, unutterable woe—
Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder in my dream!"

Instantly; the whole poem came to my memory and as I thought of the terrible mental anguish that Aram, an unknown scholar engaged in the study of Chaldee, Hebrew, Arabic, and the Celtic languages, suffered for fifteen years before his crime was discovered and paid for on the gallows, I wondered what kind of mental torture would be fitting for the Kaiser to endure for his great crime. Here was a criminal who had caused the death of millions of men, women, and children. Aram had killed but one man.

The latter was simply a teacher in an obscure village; the former was an emperor who had amused the world for a quarter of a century with his vanity, his glittering pomp, and his braggadocio, and then for four years had filled the eye of the world with the greatest spectacle of horror and brutality that has ever been witnessed. What kind of thoughts must come to the Kaiser now in his exile? What sort of dreams does he now have—now that his dream of world dominion is dissolved—dissolved at such a terrible cost?

In order to depict the Kaiser's gloomy thoughts, his dreadful day dreams, and the revolting nightmares that must obsess him in his lonely exile, the pen of a Hood, magnified ten million times, would be needed. Obviously, there is no pen poignant enough for the task; no hand capable of wielding such a pen; no human brain capable of directing it with any hope of measurable success.

It seemed fitting, however, that someone should essay the task, if for no other reason than to leave a record of the terrible scenes that were enacted during the Great War, compressed, as it were, into a nutshell.

During the war hundreds of volumes came pouring from the press concerning the mobilization of troops, the movements of vast armies, the tactics of great generals, the quarrels of petty politicians, the farsighted visions of wise statesmen, and the opinions of strategists on this or that phase of the war. I then cherished the hope that someone would write a book that would show war in its most revolting and forbidding aspect; war, in its repulsive ugliness; war, stripped naked of all its glamour; war, showing its most disgusting features, in order to make war, if possible, more abhorrent to mankind.

While meditating on this subject and waiting for such a book to appear I picked up a copy of "The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner," which was written more than one hundred and twenty years ago. I had read this little masterpiece scores of times, but, at this moment, (the armistice had just been signed), it had a new interest.

Coleridge in this fine work depicts, in incomparable language, the Mariner's wanton cruelty in shooting an albatross, "that made the wind to blow," an act which draws down upon him and his companions the wrath of the tutelary spirits of the polar region. Those sailors

who merely acquiesced in the killing of the bird, in the belief that such birds "bring the fog and mist," are punished with death, but the Ancient Mariner, the prime offender, is reserved for more particular vengeance. He is to be forced to live, although he prays for death, in order to endure the pangs of spiritual torture. Therefore, it will be seen that the "idea" for the following work was suggested by the poems of Hood and Coleridge.

The critics of the present day place a new writer in an embarrassing position. One-half of them perpetually and vociferously cry, "Be Original!" The other half, just as loudly and just as incessantly cry into his ears, "Copy the Models." Now it is evident that a writer cannot follow both precepts. If he is original, the "Copy the Model" dogs hound him; if he "Copies the Models" the "Be Original" wolves take up the scent. Between the two kinds of critics a new writer has little chance to escape.

All critics pelt a new writer with the names of dead men, so, having gotten the "idea" from two famous dead men, it looked as if I ought to stand in well with the "Copy the Model" crowd. However, I decided to throw a sop to the "Be Original" school by casting the idea in a mold entirely different from that adopted by either Hood or Coleridge.

What kind of verse ought I to adopt in order to express the ideas I wished to convey in a forcible manner? We all realize that form and movement in a poem deserve as much consideration as thought and emotion, and I soon found myself forced back upon a combination of the iambic tetrameter with the iambic trimeter, these two alternating. This style of verse was the only one

that I could use that would lend emphasis to the rapid movement of the composition. It would also force me to confine the narrative to very short, snappy sentences, and to short Saxon words, chiefly of one or two syllables, thus accentuating the disturbed state of mind, the turbulence of thought, and the tumultuous agitation of the chief character to the highest degree, all of which I desired and hoped to depict.

The verse adopted was the verse of "Eugene Aram" and "The Ancient Mariner," another concession to the "Copy the Model" crowd, which cannot fail to draw down upon me the wrath of the "Be Original" school.

However, I was overjoyed to discover that the great master, Coleridge himself, did not invent this verse, but copied it from old ballads written two or three hundred years before his time. William Wordsworth, poet laureate, who suggested the idea of "The Ancient Mariner," co-operated with Coleridge in the composition, and furnished some of the lines of the poem, says in the preface to the first edition of "Lyrical Ballads" (1798), where "The Ancient Mariner" occupies first place:—

"The Rime of the Ancyent Marinere was professedly written in imitation of the style, as well as as of the spirit of the elder poets; but with a few exceptions, the author believes that the language adopted in it has been equally intelligible for these last three centuries."

Being now perfectly satisfied that I ought to "Copy the Models," I plunged into the composition and in a short time had about fifty stanzas written. Each stanza was of six lines, the second, fourth, and sixth, rhyming. Here and there, about every other stanza, I inserted a leonine line, just like "The Models." I had the composition set in type and struck off ten proofs, which I distri-

buted among friends who had a taste for poetry. I was pleased with its reception but not entirely satisfied, as my literary friends objected to those stanzas which now appear in Parts III and IV, showing the revolting features of war on land and sea. Those that I considered the best parts, they considered the worst, because they said these stanzas were too distressful to be read with pleasure. My object in writing the ballad was to draw such an appalling picture of the late war; that war, abhorrent as it always is, would be made still more abhorrent in the mind of the reader, so I was disappointed.

While casting about for some solution of the problem, I happened to read Wordsworth's preface to the second edition of "Lyrical Ballads," (1800). This is the most exhaustive treatise on what might be called the "anatomy" of poetry that had appeared up to that time, and there I found the solution. Briefly, then, Wordsworth asserts that "it is unquestionably true that more pathetic situations and sentiments, that is, those that have a greater proportion of pain connected with them, may be endured in metrical composition, especially in rhyme, than in prose." He fortifies this opinion by appealing to the reader's own experience of the reluctance with which he comes to the re-perusal of the distressful part of a novel, while the most pathetic scenes in poetry never act upon us as pathetic, beyond the bounds of pleasure. In different words he ascribes this to the small but continual and regular impulses of pleasurable surprise received from the metrical arrangement. Furthermore, he asserts that although the poet's words should be incommensurate with the passion he attempts to describe, still, the feelings of pleasure engendered in the reader's mind by the regular movement of the rhyme,

the musical composition of the words, the pleasing arrangement of the accented and the unaccented syllables, together with the consonance of sound at the end of every rhythm or "beat" of the lines, will enhance the feelings of pleasure, will contribute greatly in imparting passion to the words, and will thus effect the complex end that is proposed.

This furnished me with a new idea. What I needed was not less horror but more rhyme, not less "raw heads and bloody bones," but more rhythmic beats; not a toning down of the distressful parts of the ballad, but an intensification of the musical arrangement of the accented and the unaccented syllables. Following the new clue, I started to turn the first, third, and fifth lines of all the distressful stanzas into leonine lines. This is variously called a sectional, medial or line rhyme and is an agreement of sound occurring in the same line. The masters have furnished examples:—

"'Twas in the prime of summertime."—Hood.

"I dwelt alone in a world of moan."—Poe.

"Then gently scan your brother man."—Burns.

"In Debtor's Yard the stones are hard."—Wilde.

"We were the first that ever burst."—Coleridge.

"The splendor falls on castle walls."—Tennyson.

"His looks were cold, he gave me gold."—Mackay.

"His breast was bare, his matted hair."—Longfellow.

When this revision was made I had ten new proofs taken and submitted them to my critical friends, who were delighted with the changes made. Those who previously did not like the descriptions of distressful scenes that were actually witnessed by "Our Boys" who went to France, could now read the poem with pleasure, although in re-writing the leonine lines, I made the scenes still more distressful, in order to test Wordsworth's theory.

I spent the next few months in enlarging the work, re-arranging it, dividing it into sections, filling in and eliminating, in order to make it a continuous whole, and turning all the tetrameter into leonine lines. It is just possible that I have over-shot the mark in this latter respect, as the opening stanzas, the scene in the peaceful wood, "where lovers used to rove," do not require the wealth of rhyme that is required from the beginning of Part III to the end. However, as rapid action develops quite early, I decided to commence the poem with the same rapidity of motion in order to get the reader into the "swing" at the start. I know that a reader experiences a feeling of annoyance when he is compelled to change from one measure or style to another. While reading a poem with lively pleasure, he encounters a line that will not "scan;" and then he is compelled to go back and either double up two syllables into the time of one or lengthen out one syllable to do duty for two, in order to secure "the beat" which he is now accustomed to in that particular poem. The reader therefore feels annoyed and this decreases his pleasure.

While making this revision I had new proof copies taken every week or so and invariably gave them away, keeping one for revision. More than five hundred copies were distributed and many of those who received them came to my office to have me put my signature on their copies. In talking with the people I had an unusual opportunity to test out Wordsworth's theory, which I have found to be correct.

Occasionally I found a critic who objected to the wealth of rhyme, but only a few raised that objection. In a poem with a pastoral theme this would be a serious objection; but, in a poem which attempts to describe the

terrible scenes that occurred while the greatest tragedy the world has known was being enacted, the entire work should be saturated with rhyme and rhythm, in order to offset the horrific scenes. This is only my humble opinion, of course; but, it is fortified by my experience in the unusual opportunity I had in testing it out while the poem was being composed.

I fully realize that there ought to be some breathing spells in order to break the monotony, and a few of these have been provided, notably in Stanza X, where the trimeter lines are lengthened one syllable; in Stanza LXII, where the lines are irregular and in Stanza CVI, which should be read straight through without emphasis on the rhyming words, (as one would read the passage from the Apocalypse of which this stanza is a paraphrase), although it is in the same measure as the other stanzas and has perfect or nearly perfect rhymes.

At the outset I intended to print only a few copies in pamphlet form to give to friends, but the demand for copies bound in more durable form caused me to commence the preparation of this edition.

One year had elapsed from the time I had written the last line of the poem when I was persuaded to issue it in book form. It was then that I became aware of its many imperfections and set about eliminating them. In this I have been helped by Professor Harry W. Fisher, of the Pittsburgh Public Schools, the Rev. Rudolph E. Schulz, and by Mr. James P. McMahon, who furnished me with new ideas and corrected some of my rhetorical errors.

If any success attends the publication of this edition a large part of the credit must be given to Mr. Harry E. Godwin, of the Pittsburgh Dispatch. This famous artist has made twenty drawings which illustrate the text in a

striking manner. His many admirers will recognize the Godwin technique, which make his pictures stand out boldly and arrest the eye by their striking originality.

To Sergeant Clyde Titterington, of Ligonier, Pa., I am indebted for the idea expressed in Stanza XLV. This young man, as fine a specimen of American manhood as ever lived, joined the army at the instant America became a belligerent and was one of the first to go overseas. He was wounded three times in rapid succession. The third wound was caused by the explosion of a shell, which tore away one hip, ripped open his abdomen and wounded him in a dozen other places. He was an inmate of the best French, British, and American hospitals for two years, suffering excruciating agony, and is now a cripple for life,—a horrible example of the results of "civilized" warfare. Sergeant Titterington is not singled out for special mention here because he is a special case; he is merely one of hundreds of thousands. I mention him because he was the first to observe and to furnish me with the idea mentioned above, which, to my knowledge, has not heretofore been set forth in print, curious and interesting as it may be.

In concluding this "Apology" I will say that if each one of a few hundred readers derives one per cent. of the pleasure from reading this poem that I have enjoyed in writing it; and if the next "great civilized war" is retarded for a brief period only, on account of the horrors which the composition depicts, I shall feel amply repaid.

JOHN MELLOR.

Pittsburgh, Pa.
July 23, 1921.

THE RHYME OF THE WOODMAN'S DREAM

PART I

PROLOGUE

SUMMARY OF PART I



BALLAD opens with a picture of a woodman, who, to get away from the disquieting memories of war, goes out to the quiet woods to chop trees, and, in so doing, destroys nature as he had destroyed man and all his works—brutally, unfeelingly. He finds a boy innocently reading a murder tale and it shows him how much more of a culprit he has been in bringing on a great war. He is impelled to tell his story to the boy, even though it is horrible. He does not exult in it—he just tells it as he saw it. He, like all others of his race, really feels no remorse—he is only sorry that his plans were not realized. He seldom identifies himself with the murderous war, except as he witnessed it in his dreams. Yet, on occasion, he gets beyond control and inveighs against God for failing to support him in his scheme of World Control. His story, told to the boy, in the similitude of a dream, pictures the dreadful happenings of the greatest war ever known—his sleeplessness and the horrible scenes that are brought before his eyes by an accusing conscience.





An oak tree stood deep in a wood
Where lovers used to rove

THE RHYME OF THE WOODMAN'S DREAM

PART I

PROLOGUE

STANZA I

An oak tree stood deep in a wood
Where lovers used to rove;
A woodman grim, sombre and slim,
Came to that leafy cove
And stopped in glee before that tree—
A monarch of the grove.

STANZA II

The woodman eyed the forest's pride
And marked it for his own;
Then whet with zeal his axe of steel
Upon a smoothen'd stone;
Stripped off his coat and fiercely smote
The trunk with moss o'ergrown.

(27)

STANZA III

From side to side, the woodman plied
His axe upon the bole.
The white gash grew, the light chips flew,
The keen steel took its dole;
His every stroke cried out and spoke
Of anguish in his soul.

STANZA IV

The sounds that rose from ringing blows
Re-echoed clear and strong.
The rabbit stole to safer hole,
The thrush forgot its song;
The startled hare sought refuge where
The bracken fronds were long.

STANZA V

A final stroke! Down crashed the oak
And strewed its mast around.
The woodman laughed. His handicraft
New victory had found,
For now the great old potentate
Lay prone upon the ground.

STANZA VI

This act, designed to ease his mind,
Seemed to him wholly good;
Although heart-sore he gloated o'er
The havoc in the wood.
For on that day a dead thing lay
Where once a monarch stood.

STANZA VII

"O God!" cried he, "Why didst Thou see
Fit to withhold Thy hand
And stultify the scheme when I
A world dominion planned?
Why did'st Thou not help out my plot
To conquer every land?"

STANZA VIII

Now when the oak crashed down and broke
Its branches on the mold,
The sound aroused a boy who drowsed—
A lad but twelve years old;
Who—thin and pale—dozed o'er a tale
Of one who killed for gold.

STANZA IX

At boy and book the woodman took
One look of brief annoy;
Then, with a gaze of much amaze,
He marked the lad's employ;
Anon stood near, and, with a sneer,
He thus addressed the boy:

STANZA X

"My little man, what dost thou scan?
Some tale of Eastern harem?
Of heroes strong? Perhaps a song
Of timid harum-scarum?"
With half-turned head the youngster said,
" 'The Dream of Eugene Aram.' "①

STANZA XI

The woodman's jaw fell down in awe,
And fear his face o'erspread;
His blood ran cold, his eyeballs rolled,
He shook with terror dread;
His keen eyes quailed, his temples paled,
His tongue weighed down like lead.

①For explanation of all Reference Marks see Appendix, Page 102.

STANZA XII

With fearful face he stood apace,
Then sat beside the lad
And thus began: "My little man,
Oft dreams will drive men mad;
Yet I can claim all dreams are tame
Compared with one I've had.

STANZA XIII

"Hark! Listen, boy, thine ears employ,
A tale I'll tell to thee,
'Twill sack thy veins, fill thee with pains,
Illusion though it be.
A dream supreme, but yet a dream,
Which cometh oft to me.

STANZA XIV

"Oh! Horrid theme! This haunting dream
Comes to me when I sleep;
And when awake—I quake and shake,
It makes my marrow creep;
My trembling soul, beyond control,
Is plunged in anguish deep.

STANZA XV

"I never rest!—Within my breast
A fiery furnace lies;
No thing can quench, no waters drench
This heart-burn which outvies
Ten thousand hells. Within me dwells
A worm that never dies.

STANZA XVI

"My spent brain teems with ghastly dreams
That scourge like wire whips;
Blood everywhere, blood in the air,
Blood from my body drips;
Blood—I have caused"—The woodman paused
And wet his burning lips.



THE RHYME OF THE WOODMAN'S DREAM

PART II

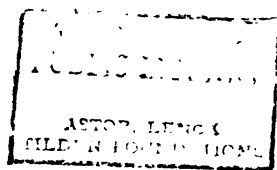
BREWING THE HELL BROTH

SUMMARY OF PART II



HE WOODMAN here tells the boy of the mighty scheme, "World Empire," that was the start of his dream, which obsessed him so much that it finally formed an excuse to start the World War. He is persuaded and finally believes that he is powerful enough to become a world-conqueror, like Alexander the Great or Julius Caesar, and, not only become the master of all the world as it was known in their days, but of all the regions that have since been discovered. He believes that he can be more successful than Napoleon, and win the prize so nearly achieved by the Corsican one hundred years ago.

He describes the feverish enthusiasm with which his people built up their great war machine in anticipation of "The Day." Finally, when the preparations were complete, comes a time when France is foul with graft and corruption, Russia ripe for revolution, Great Britain on the verge of civil war, and America, as always, unprepared for the conflict. The Day, the Hour, had come.





The blood I've spilled! Oh! I have killed
Ten million in my dreams.

THE RHYME OF THE WOODMAN'S DREAM

PART II

BREWING THE HELL BROTH

STANZA XVII

“Boy, in that book the dreamer took
One single human life;
His greed and thirst for gold accurst
Were motives for the strife;
His methods rude, his weapons crude—
A stick—a stone—a knife.

STANZA XVIII

“But in my dream, a mighty scheme—
‘World Empire’—was the stake;
Ten million Huns manned roaring guns
When I the order spake;
Their weapon chest contained the best
That hand and brain could make.

(87)

STANZA XIX

“I see them all—the cartridge ball—
The bayonet—the sword—
Bombs—shot and shell—the bolts of hell—
Krupp’s deadly guns that roared—
The hand grenade—the short trench blade—
The poison gas abhorred.

STANZA XX

“The weltering field with blood congealed;
The ruddy, bloody stream;
The measured tread of those now dead;
The cannon’s crimson gleam,
The shrapnel’s hiss—Boy! Listen! This
Is but a ghastly dream.

STANZA XXI

“In foul extreme my dreadful dream
Outranks all phantom themes,
As solar light, effulgent, bright,
Transcends all earthly beams.
The blood I’ve spilled! Oh! I have killed
Ten millions in my dreams.”

STANZA XXII

“Now, mark me well! For I must tell
This loathsome dream of mine.
I dreamt this thing: I was a king
Who ruled by right divine.
Three score and ten millions of men
Upheld my fell design.

STANZA XXIII

“Around my throne, with hearts of stone,
Were Junkers shrewd and sly;[®]
They flattered me on bended knee;
They praised me to the sky;
They said I trod the ways of God,
And I believed the lie.

STANZA XXIV

“And they did swear our people were
Jehovah's chosen race;
I was His Sword—His great War-Lord
Annointed by His grace—
His Weapon Bright—His Chosen Knight—
His Sceptre and His Mace.

STANZA XXV

“At length,” he said, “This turned my head,
Filled me with martial fire;
Before my eyes I saw the prize—
Napoleon’s great desire;
And at my feet—success complete—
The great, round world entire.

STANZA XXVI

“Then Alexander’s world so grand
Would to my will comply;
Then I could brag great Caesar’s flag
Ne’er flew where mine would fly;
Then kings would be subject to me—
The Highest of the High.

STANZA XXVII

“This great design of theirs and mine
Was harbored night and day;
For forty years, our engineers
Planned for the coming fray,
Until at last the prize so vast
Close to my clutches lay.

STANZA XXVIII

“My troops were keen, of steady mien,
Their weapons of the best.
The largest guns, shells weighing tons,
Came forth at my behest.
No foes could pass the poison gas
That we alone possessed.

STANZA XXIX

“With lightning speed, as was our need,
We built dread submarines;
My sea-lord planned, my minions manned
These murderous machines
Designed to waft all merchant craft,
To wreck by foulest means.

STANZA XXX

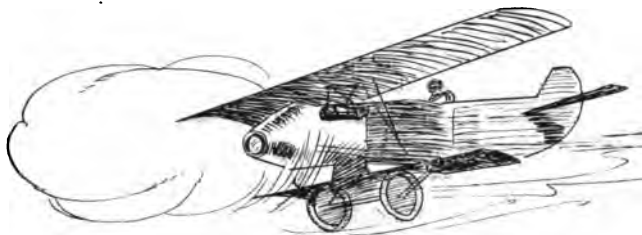
“My mighty fleet, vast and complete,
Was eager for ‘Der Tag’;[Ⓢ]
‘The Day’ so good, when my ships would
The greatest navy flog—
When my grand fleet would face and beat
The mighty British dog.

STANZA XXXI

“We had in hand all that we planned—
Munitions, maps, and feed;
Large stores of wheat, bombs, clothing, meat,
Fast aeroplanes—Indeed,
From safety pins to Zeppelins
We’d all that we might need.

STANZA XXXII

“In Gaul seethed graft, intrigues, and craft,
In Muscovy unrest;
Albion was rife with civil strife,
Columbia was a jest.
They should succumb—The “Day” had come,
So I the button pressed.”



THE RHYME OF THE WOODMAN'S DREAM

PART III

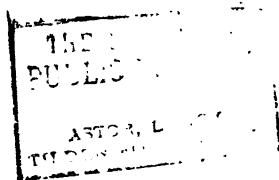
THE JUGGERNAUT OF WAR

SUMMARY OF PART III



HIS PART describes the swift march of the invaders through Belgium and Northern France, the sack of Louvain and the terrible atrocities that were committed during the first months of the war, which resulted in the utter destruction of farms, villages, towns, and cities along the path of the invading army, and the untold misery and suffering visited upon the peaceful inhabitants.

The spectres of the blood-stained soldiers killed in battle appear before the eyes of the woodman as he recites his ghastly dream to the spell-bound boy, listening to the frightful tale.





Through Belgian land, by my command,
We hacked our bloody way

Stanza XXXIV, Page 48

THE RHYME OF THE WOODMAN'S DREAM

PART III

THE JUGGERNAUT OF WAR

STANZA XXXIII

“Then found we ground on which to sound
The dread apocalypse.
‘Conquer or Die’—that was the cry
On every soldier’s lips.
I saw them ride in martial pride
And come to deadly grips.

STANZA XXXIV

“Through Belgian land, by my command,
We hacked our bloody way;
My faithful Huns with heavy guns
Blew towns to crumbled clay.
Along our path a stinking swath
Of rotting bodies lay.

(47)

STANZA XXXV

“The shock, the jar, the roar of war
Thundered afar and near;
The battle shout, the charge and rout
Came bursting on the ear;
And women’s sighs and maidens’ cries
Presaged their anguished fear.

STANZA XXXVI

“The squadrons reel! With fiery zeal
My troops plunge in the fray;
Death circles o’er the mire and gore
Where men each other slay;
Wrecks, corpses, blood, death, fire, and flood
Make footprints on our way.

STANZA XXXVII

“With claw and fang on fair Louvain ©
My lustful war-dogs fell;
They gave no grace, they sacked the place
With force none could repel,
And horror stalked and murder walked
With conscience wide as hell.

STANZA XXXVIII

“For full two days and nights the blaze
Of buildings filled the sky;
A mighty gust of rape and lust
And fire and death swept by;
Bleeding and torn, noon, night, and morn,
The living prayed to die.

STANZA XXXIX

“Here, side by side, we crucified
Two men, with trench knives keen
On door impaled; as Pilate nailed
The gentle Nazarene
Two thieves betwixt;—but here we fixed
A baby in between.®

STANZA XL

“Our swift advance in Northern France
Was terrible, yet grand;
The terraced walls of ancient halls
Were shattered into sand;
Ripe fields of grain were stripped amain
As locusts strip the land.

STANZA XLI

“Our shrapnel broke; in battle smoke
The deadly fragments flew;
By shell and shot chateau and cot
Were blotted from the view;
Quick, stifling death was in the breath
Of every wind that blew.

STANZA XLII

“With scarce a pause we pressed our cause,
Pushed on toward our goal;
Along the way torn bodies lay
In every blasted hole;
And every vale and fertile swale
Became a bloody bowl.

STANZA XLIII

“My dachshund drank the blood that stank,
Where gory streams did flow;
Wing-footed bats and loathsome rats
Feasted on friend and foe;
And on the sod where my horse trod
The grass refused to grow.®

STANZA XLIV

“The ground ran blood—a crimson flood—
It poured into the streams;
The worms that crawl sucked blood and spawl,
And batted to extremes.
O! Crimson blight! This gory sight
I see in all my dreams.

STANZA XLV

“The Teuton black lay on his back,
With arms and legs spread wide;
The lifeless Gaul rolled like a ball;
The Briton on his side,
Arm under head, as if in bed,
Beside his sleeping bride.®

STANZA XLVI

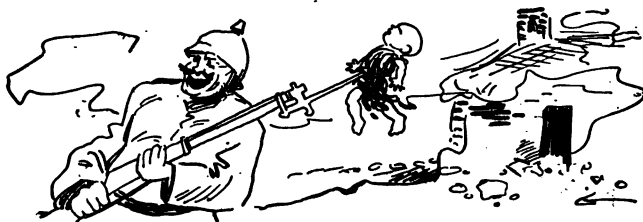
“Our five months’ wait at Verdun’s gate
Was bad for us. Alas!
The Gaul at bay, said, ‘Come what may,
We will not let them pass.’
My storm troops brave, wave after wave,
Were cut down like the grass.

STANZA XLVII

“And now the hosts of spectral ghosts,
With garments steeped in gore,
Accusing stalk; and I can balk
My Nemesis no more.
*See! There they stand! This vengeful band
Clad in the rags they wore—*

STANZA XLVIII

*“Clad in their rags—blood-clotted bags—
Foul fiends! Come not to grips
With me! Stand back! You bloody pack
Will cause my soul's eclipse.”*
The boy spell-bound, looked up and found
Froth on the woodman's lips.



THE RHYME OF THE WOODMAN'S DREAM

PART IV

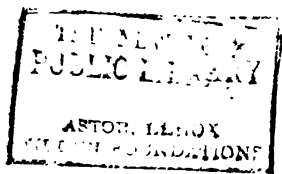
THE HORRORS OF THE DEEP

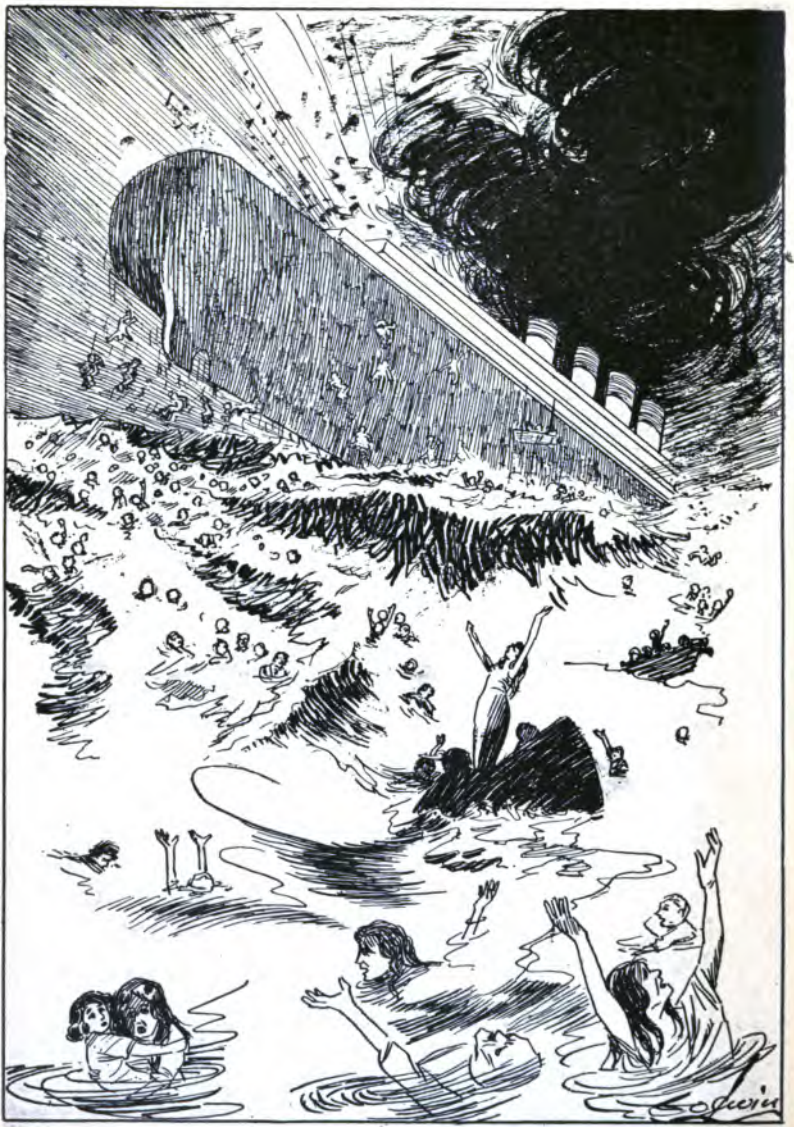
SUMMARY OF PART IV



COUNTLESS hosts of grisly ghosts of men killed on the battlefields continue to appear before the eyes of the woodman and torture him by accusing him of their deaths. The miserable man here says that in his dream he was carried by a devil to the bottom of the Sargasso Sea, "the graveyard of the Atlantic," to see the wrecks—the Lusitania and a Red Cross boat among the number—that had been caused by the introduction of submarine warfare.

The awful destruction that had been perpetrated by the use of submarines gives the woodman opportunity to portray the horrors of naval warfare as practiced by his people under the leadership of the admiral of his Grand Fleet.





In all my dreams I hear the screams
Of men and women drowned

THE RHYME OF THE WOODMAN'S DREAM

PART IV

THE HORRORS OF THE DEEP

STANZA XLIX

The woodman said, "Now they have fled,
But they will come again;
Yea, countless hosts of grisly 'ghosts
And fiends and murdered men;
Throng upon throng, the whole day long
They come within my ken.

STANZA L

"Within my room these sprites of doom
Cry out for vengeance dire;
Night, morn, and noon, they croak and croon
Chants of the Devil's Choir;
There they abound and circle round
Like scorpions ringed with fire.

(57)

STANZA LI

“From out the pit these spectres flit
And round about me sweep;
With fearful moans and rending groans
They sob, sigh, wail, and weep;
They sit and crouch around my couch.
In death they cannot sleep.

STANZA LII

“Their shadows loom from out the gloom
Each night around my bed;
In serried mass these dead men pass
With solemn noiseless tread;
They point at me and then I see
My fingers dripping red.

STANZA LIII

“Oh! Curse of Cain! My reeling brain
Seems bursting with the theme!
Still they arise—before my eyes—
These ghosts with eyes a-gleam,
From hell's abyss! Remember—this
Is but a horrid dream!

STANZA LIV

"In all my dreams I hear the screams
Of men and women drowned;
Their awful cries rise to the skies
And on my ear-drums sound.
Fiends mock at me and shout in glee,
And devils dance around.

STANZA LV

"One night methought a devil caught
My trembling soul in glee;
And through dark space, with frightful pace,
He swiftly carried me
With circling sweep down to the deep,
Drear, foul Sargasso Sea.®

STANZA LVI

"Sargasso Deep, where whirlpools sweep,
And ghouls their watches keep;
Where dead men sleep in caverns deep,
And slimy monsters creep,
E'en harpies weep to see the heap
Of wrecks piled fathoms deep.

STANZA LVII

“There, in a flood of viscous mud,
Beneath the tumbling main,
I saw the decks of fearful wrecks;
Ten thousand victims slain.
Wide-eyed they stared—my guilt declared
Unto my throbbing brain.

STANZA LVIII

“Upon each craft, both fore and aft,
Great piles of bodies lay,
Bereft of breath, and stiff in death,
Some starting to decay;
And some I found were floating round
Like derelicts astray.

STANZA LIX

“A fair haired lass was first to pass
Before my frenzied eye—
Two stalwart men—a young lad—then
An old man floated by;
And, clad in white, her babe clasped tight,
A mother hovered nigh.

STANZA LX

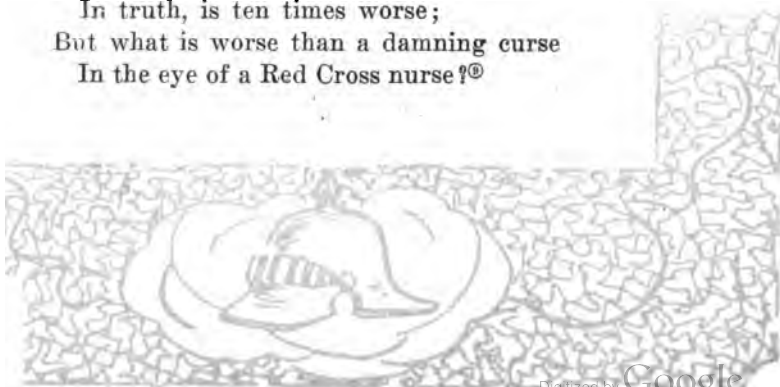
“Oh God! I shook to see the look
Of anguish, horror, fright,
And woe replete—as—at my feet
She cast the little mite;
I looked away in sheer dismay,
I could not bear the sight.

STANZA LXI

“The Lusitania rusting lay,
Shorn of her speed and grace;
Nearby some smacks, and merchant wracks,
Tramp ships of slower pace,
A Red Cross boat, which our men smote
And sank without a trace.

STANZA LXII

“Down hell’s abyss a soul from bliss
Is dragged by an orphan’s curse;
And a curse in the glare of a dead man’s stare,
In truth, is ten times worse;
But what is worse than a damning curse
In the eye of a Red Cross nurse?®

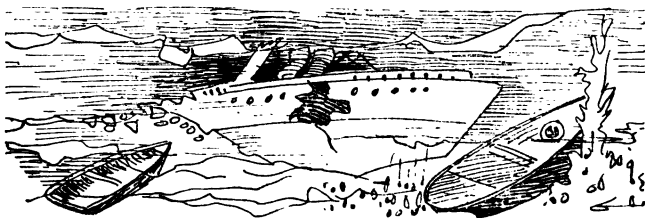


STANZA LXIII

"I saw the wrecks, the rotting decks
Where putrid bodies lay;
The rusting hulls, the grinning skulls
That mocked the carrion clay—
Yea, slimy guests gnawed human breasts,
Feasting the livelong day.

STANZA LXIV

"The giant squid, ten-arm'd, bestrid
His quarry—eyes agleam.
Dark leeches crawled and fat eels sprawled
Where deep sea monsters teem—
Boy, why so pale? This gruesome tale
Is but a madding dream."



THE RHYME OF THE WOODMAN'S DREAM

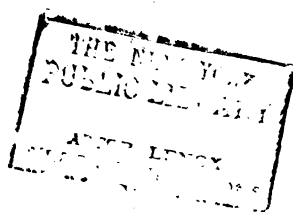
PART V

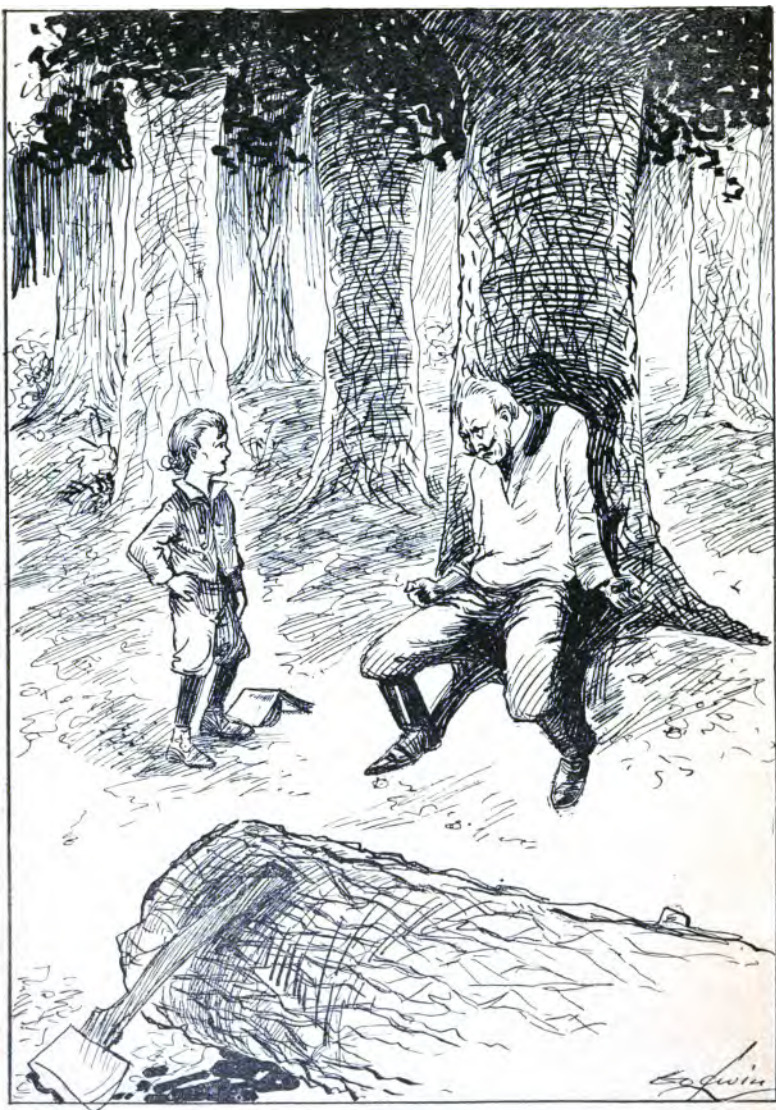
THE PROPHECY OF DOOM

SUMMARY OF PART V



IN THIS part the woodman tells how the spectres of the men and women he caused to be killed in the great war, coming before him continually, are driving him to the verge of madness. Even the solace of death is denied him for when Death and Life-in-Death cast dice for him the latter wins and will keep him from Death for sometime longer in order to torture him mentally for the misery he caused others to suffer. Death is sometimes a happy relief from mental or bodily suffering, but the arch-culprit of this Great War, the prime offender, is reserved for a more dreadful punishment. One of the fiends, who scarcely ever leave his side, asleep or awake, tells him this and prophesies that he is doomed to live until he has suffered the most excruciating mental agony that ever mortal man endured.





Look boy! I seem to see my dream!
Look! There the foul fiend peers

Stanza LXXXVI, Page 71

THE RHYME OF THE WOODMAN'S DREAM

PART V

THE PROPHECY OF DOOM

STANZA LXV

“My hands were cold as graveyard mold,
My brain like solar heat;
My palate elung fast to my tongue,
My breath left me complete;
Gone was my will, my heart stood still—
Stopped—midway in its beat.

STANZA LXVI

“For now a fiend rose and careened
From out the dismal place
And shouted loud to all the crowd,
With horrid, foul grimace,
‘At last he’s here! Attila’s peer!®
Scourge of the Human Race!

(67)

STANZA LXVII

“ ‘Foul wretch accurst, thy bubble’s burst,
Know now thy race is run;
For our friends, Death and Life-in-Death,
For thee the dice have spun;
The hand of Fate pays back thy hate,
For Life-in-Death hath won.®

STANZA LXVIII

“ ‘And thou shalt live a fugitive—
In exile thou must dwell
Scorned by the world—from power hurled—
Thy soul a shriveled shell;
Though death be nigh thou shalt not die
Till thou hast tasted hell.

STANZA LXIX

“ ‘It is thy doom to live in gloom
Till thou hast paid the toll;
For Life-in-Death will lend thee breath
And keep thee off Death’s scroll,
Till every corse brings keen remorse
To thy black perjured soul.



STANZA LXX

“ ‘To live in dread with all thy dead
And drag around each corse;
Thy heart a tomb; this is the doom
The vengeful sprites endorse.
Go! Live thy hell! In torments dwell
And burn with thy remorse!

STANZA LXXI

“ ‘Thou dost await strong Milo’s fate,[Ⓢ]
’Tis destined so to be;
Didst aim in vain to tear in twain
The cleft stem of a tree;[Ⓢ]
Caught in the cleft—of hope bereft—
Now wolves shall worry thee.

STANZA LXXII

“ ‘They’ll rive and maim thy wretched frame,
And crunch thy marrow-bone;
They’ll tear thy heart, rend thee apart,
And drag thee from thy throne;
And thou shalt bear thy deep despair
Abandoned and alone.

STANZA LXXIII

“ ‘Alone! Alone thou must atone
For all the blood thou’st spilt.
Like shell-torn stys, dismembered lies
The empire Bismarck built
With bloody hands, upon the sands
Of rapine, lust and guilt.

STANZA LXXIV

“ ‘Thou shalt adorn St. Lucia’s Thorn ④
Till thy last hour is sped;
Luke’s Iron Crown shall be pressed down ④
Upon thy throbbing head;
Tisiphone shall wait for thee ④
As soon as thou art dead.

STANZA LXXV

“ ‘And Pluto’s bell shall ring thy knell; ④
Foul hags-howl at thy bier;
Wild demons roar at Charon’s shore ④
And split thy frightened ear;
And hot Inferno scorch and burn
Thy heart till it doth sear.’

STANZA LXXXVI

“There, in the gloom, these words of doom
Filled me with frenzied fears;
Boy, look! I seem to see my dream!
Look! There the foul fiend peers!
Behind that tree he grins at me,
This imp of nether spheres!

STANZA LXXXVII

“Grin not at me! *My sea-lord—he—*
He hatched the naval scheme.
Murder! I choke! Hold! Stay thy stroke!
Is this a purple stream?
Boy, do I bleed? No! Take no heed
To this—my gruesome dream.

STANZA LXXXVIII

“With menace fell, these imps of hell
Hound me and drive me mad—
In bloody shrouds, these spectre crowds
Stand by me now! Nay, lad,
This frightful hell—this tale I tell—
Is but a dream I had.

STANZA LXXIX

“Oh, horrid trance! These devils dance
Forever at my side.
All racked by pain, my boiling brain
Is like a molten tide.
Death would be sweet! My hands and feet
Burn like one crucified.”

STANZA LXXX

The woodman paused. His terror caused
His labored breath to fail
And froth to drip from bloodless lip,
His face was ashen pale;
He bowed his head and minutes sped
Ere he resumed his tale.



THE RHYME OF THE WOODMAN'S DREAM

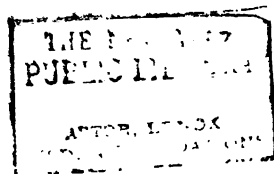
PART VI

THE BRAND OF CAIN

SUMMARY OF PART VI



HERE the wretched man tells how, in his dream, he is brought before God's Messenger, the Angel Gabriel, who pronounces judgment upon him and orders Ithuriel to prick him with his spear. The slightest touch of Ithuriel's spear exposes deceit and so the originator of the greatest crime that was ever perpetrated is to be stripped of his regal trappings and exposed to the world in his true character, a cowardly scoundrel who runs away from danger as soon as it appears, notwithstanding the vain-glorious boastings that he had indulged in for a quarter of a century. Ithuriel touches him with his spear and then pronounces the curse.





Thy regal gear shall disappear
And fall from thee apart

Stanza LXXXIV, Page 78

THE RHYME OF THE WOODMAN'S DREAM

PART VI

THE BRAND OF CAIN

STANZA LXXXI

“Methought, last night, a devil sprite
Said, ‘Furies, seize on him.’
They, on a shore, set me before
The Warrior Cherubim®
Who struck me dumb. On Haizum®
He sat austere and grim.

STANZA LXXXII

“Beside a block of solid rock
That piled up to a cloud,
Sat the Messiah’s Messenger,
Disdainful, stern, and proud;
His guards stood near; then with a clear,
Deep voice he spake aloud:

(77)

STANZA LXXXIII

“ ‘Thou Monster fell! Thou Sink of Hell!
Thou impious mutineer!
Dost think thou can'st escape the ban
That God has made so clear?
Thou Infidel! Ithuriel ②
Will touch thee with his spear.

STANZA LXXXIV

“ ‘And at its touch, his power is such
Thy glory shall depart.
Thy regal gear shall disappear
And fall from thee apart
When thou dost feel the pointed steel
Of good Ithuriel's dart.

STANZA LXXXV

“ ‘*Thou deaf and dumb blind mouth!* What plumb ②
Can sound thy deepest shame?
What transit rood the altitude
Of thy dishonored name?
What lens so rare can ever bare
Thy wicked, hell-born fame?

STANZA LXXXVI

“ ‘For decades three, with gust and glee
And paltry, cheap deceits,
Thou did’st surround thy palace ground
With Junkers, cads, and cheats,
Their goose-step stride and high-blown pride
Filled thee with vain conceits.

STANZA LXXXVII

“ ‘Did’st seem to be of high degree,
Cast in heroic mold;
A king of right—a gallant knight—
A soldier brave and bold—
A statesman wise, of giant size,
Like Charlemagne of old.

STANZA LXXXVIII

“ ‘Thus thou did’st pose to friends and foes
And did’st strut out thy play,
In cloak of white, in tinsel bright,
In trappings grand and gay;
With regal mien seeking to screen
A man of straw and clay.

STANZA LXXXIX

“ ‘But when his spear halts thy career
Then shalt thou stand revealed,
A poltroon blind, bankrupt in mind,
With leprous blood congealed;
A run-away, whose sheer dismay
Can be no more concealed.

STANZA XC

“ ‘And then the true shall come to view
From out the fog and murk;
For no false thing can stand the sting
Of Heaven’s avenging dirk
And keep its shape. Thou’lt not escape!
Ithuriel, do thy work !’

STANZA XCI

“ ‘Quick as a glance the cherub’s lance ☉
Pricked me. I saw its gleam!
And in the road, squat like a toad, ☉
I fell, so it did seem
In this my dream. I could not scream—
My fright was so extreme.

STANZA XCII

“Then with dismay I heard him say
‘Be as thou truly art,
Stark-naked hurled before the world,
Like Judas set apart.
Without appeal, now, thou shalt feel
The stabs deep in thy heart.

STANZA XCIII

“ ‘Down blood-stained glades thy glory fades
And turns to mist again;
For fortune flees the land that sees
The tears of stalwart men;⊙
And woes await the potentate
Who rules his country then.

STANZA XCIV

“ ‘Thy withered frame shall bear the shame
Of all thy crimes so vast;
Thy ruin’d mind shall torture find
In mem’ries of the past;
Thy shriveled soul shall face the goal
Seared by the fiery blast.

STANZA XCV

“ ‘The scorching breath of living death
Shall ever be thy bane.
With deep regret, lo, thou shalt sweat
Great gouts of bloody rain,
And slowly rot, by God forgot,
Stamped with the brand of Cain.

STANZA XCVI

“ ‘This mark of Cain shall scar thy brain,
For so my Master saith;
Thou shalt convulse with every pulse
And with each labored breath;
Each hour, each day—lo, thou shalt pray—
Pray for the sting of death.’ ”



THE RHYME OF THE WOODMAN'S DREAM

PART VII

NEMESIS

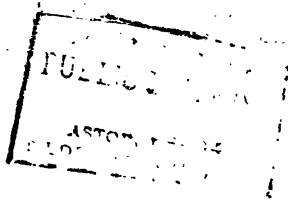
SUMMARY OF PART VII



CLIMAX is reached in the last part which shows how the doomed man is daily haunted by the spectacle of the diabolical murder of Edith Cavell, a native of Albion, who during the last fifteen years of her life was the head nurse in a hospital in the capital of Belgium. His hatred of her countrymen for entering the war in behalf of the little country carried the Chief of the Huns to such an excess that he had this nurse dragged out of the hospital and cast into the prison of St. Gilles. On the slightest pretext she was tried by court-martial, and, against all the rules of civilized warfare, sentenced to death late at night. At break of day the next morning she was taken to the rifle range where ten soldiers fired a volley at her at close range, (five paces) missing her completely. At the second volley one bullet just slightly grazed her, whereupon the officer in command rushed up close and shot her to death with his revolver.

This was the first great blunder of the war, for nearly one million of her countrymen voluntarily enlisted within a few days after the news reached Albion. The greatest blunder of all, however, was when the destruction of the *Lusitania* was ordered some time later. This unspeakable crime brought the power of the great Republic of the West into the war and sent two million Americans overseas into the fight against the greatest criminal of all time.

The last stanza of the poem shows a picture of this criminal in his castle at Doorn, sleepless, miserable and alone with all his millions of murdered dead, where the author leaves him, "plunged in a living hell."





Her smile doth strike me through. It's like
A dagger to my heart.

THE RHYME OF THE WOODMAN'S DREAM

PART VII

NEMESIS

STANZA XCVII

“The Angel host forsook the post
And left me with that curse.
*Look! Who comes here, straight from her bier?
The nurse! The English nurse!
Her dress! Her hood! All steeped in blood!
Could I be tortured worse?*

STANZA XCVIII

“O Gentle Nurse! Withhold thy curse!
Give ear unto my plea
For Christ's dear sake! Nay, do not shake
Thy gory locks at me!
Pity! I pray, for none can say
I signed thy death decree.

(87)



STANZA XCIX

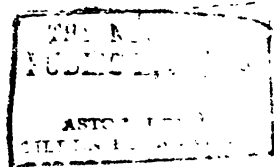
"I was a fool, a servile tool,
They played upon my fears.
Can naught appease? Will not the seas
Wash out those bloody smears?
My heart doth freeze. Will not the breeze
Dry up those crimson tears!

STANZA C

"Why me pursue? Fade from my view!
Go far away! Depart!
Didst see her smile, so free from guile?
It hath no counterpart.
Her smile doth strike me through. It's like
A dagger to my heart.

STANZA CI

"Her smile to me is agony;
Her blood-stained garb appalls.
Her presence here fills me with fear,
October Twelfth recalls,
When she was killed—her life-blood spilled
Outside a prison's walls.





The Captain swears, his pistol flares
Down sinks the nurse to die.

STANZA CII

“Ten soldiers stand with guns in hand,
Once, twice, their bullets fly;
In glory swathed she stands unscathed—
The balls pass harmless by;
The captain swears, his pistol flares,
Down sinks the nurse to die.

STANZA CIII

“So, every day, I see them slay
This nurse before my eyes;
I see the balls splash on the walls,
I watch her as she dies.
I hear the shot, I see the spot
Where her dead body lies.

STANZA CIV

“And every night this horrid sight
I see again—again;
From her rent side the crimson tide
Comes gushing out amain;
Each bloody clot—hot—scalding hot—
Seethes in my dizzy brain.

STANZA CV

"I cannot think. Upon the brink
Of madness stark I fret.
Remembrance keen, fills me with spleen,
With qualms, remorse, regret.
Past scenes I view, past pains renew;
Would that I could forget!

STANZA CVI

"My daily prayer, in my despair,
Is that a barren hill^o
Will cover me; that mountains be
Made fall so that they will
Conceal me from the wrath to come—
That comes to those who kill.

STANZA CVII

"Each weary day creeps, crawls away,
Each minute like a score;
With leaden feet the seconds beat
Upon night's Stygian shore.
Till life doth cease, no rest or peace
Shall be mine, evermore.

STANZA CVIII

"Gone, all is gone, there is not one
To pity as I mourn;
Lost, all is lost, I'm tempest-tossed,
Forsaken, and forlorn;
Death's bitter pain would be my gain—
Oh, that I'd ne'er been born.

STANZA CIX

*"Look! Ere I faint! This Red Cross saint!
Oh! See her blood-stained hair!
And see those eyes! She magnifies
My terrible despair!
My strength is spent! My punishment[Ⓢ]
Is more than I can bear."*

STANZA CX

The woodman sank down on the bank,
His face was like the dead;
His brow was wet with clammy sweat,
His nostrils freely bled;
He gasped for breath, as one near death;
The boy in terror fled.

STANZA CXI

Not far away one could survey
The Doorn Castle pile—
Its ivy green, its towers that screen
An evil, foul exile—
A craven jade, a renegade,
The vilest of the vile.

STANZA CXII

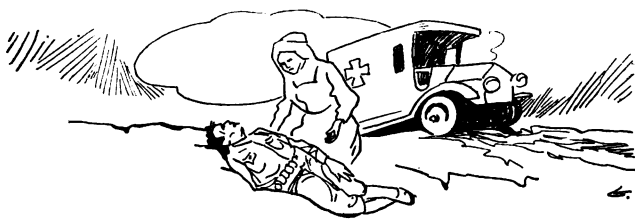
At midnight deep, while gentle sleep
Cast o'er the boy its spell,
A withered thing that once was king,
Sat crouching in a cell,
Alone, in dread, with all his dead,
Plunged in a living hell.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

MEMORIAL DAY

THE WAR LORD



MEMORIAL DAY

Once more the blue-clad veterans come
With slow and feeble tread;
Once more they march to muffled drum
In honor of their dead.
The dead they left "away down South,"
At Corinth—Champion's Hill—
On Groveton's Field, near Bull Run mouth,—
At Fair Oaks—Bentonville.
The dead who died to set the black man free,
Who broke the hateful chains of slavery;
The dead who died for you and me!
For you and me!

Here come the men of Ninety-eight,
With strong and heavy tread;
Again they march erect and straight
In honor of their dead.
The dead they left on Cuba's Isle—
El Canay—San Juan—
When the Rough Riders, Western style,
Broke up the Spanish plan.
The dead who died to set the Cubans free,
For right, for justice and humanity;
The dead who died for you and me!
For you and me!

Now come the youths, the khaki-clads,
With quick and sprightly tread;
They march along, brave stalwart lads,
In honor of their dead.
The dead they left in Argonne Wood—
Cambrai and St. Mihiel—
At Chateau Thierry where they stood
And rang the Kaiser's knell.
The dead who died to set small nation's free,
To make the world safe for democracy;
The dead who died for you and me!
For you and me!

May 30, 1919.



THE WAR LORD

MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN.—*Daniel V. 25*

Behold the War Lord sweeping to his doom,
Cursed by uncounted millions, quick and dead!
The flower of Europe, cut off in the bloom,
Is crushed beneath this ruthless Moloch's tread,
And, dying, breathes out curses on his head.
Impoverished Poland perishes in gloom,
And bleeding Belgium begs for crusts of bread,
And Serbia swoons. God! Make this vampire spoom
To an inglorious and ignominious tomb.

Behold this ghoul, who claimed the right divine
To lord it o'er the people in his land,
Maintaining God did unto him assign
The lives of men to play with, as with sand
To scatter as he listeth from his hand.
Such blasphemy, believed, made him incline
His ear to flattery from his "Junker" band,
Which soon was poisoned with the foul design
To make the world, affrighted, worship at his shrine.

(99)

28059A

Baneful ambition and the lust for power

Puffed haughty Satan up with pride high-blown,
That this arch-rebel, in an evil hour,

Essayed to shake the columns of God's throne,
From Paradise to Hell God cast him prone.

Heedless of this ensample, from his tower,

The War Lord planned to rule the world alone,
Rich, neighboring lands he lusted to deflower
And, with his vulture armies, devastate and scour.

The pillars of democracy he shook

To their foundations; bridle-deep in blood

He waded; Prussia's plighted word he took

And tore asunder, unbridling a flood

Of German "Kultur," rapine, lust; his food

Was blood of old men, women, babes. By hook

And crook he hacked his bloody way; each rood

Of fat land visited—by God forsook—

Became a weltering mass of powdered shards and ruck.

Belgium is crushed, Serbia and France bled white,

And Montenegro dies at his behest,

Gallant Albania blotted from the sight,

Fair Poland ravished by her Tarquin guest,

And Russia and Great Britain put to test.

These do not sate the War Lord's appetite,

For now, the great Republic of the West

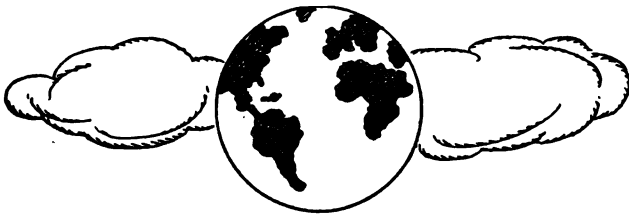
Comes in the purview of his baleful sight,

And we must do his will or battle for our right.

Shall we—whose forebears stood at Runnymede
And wrung a Magna Charta from a king—
Shall we submit? Shall we dance to his reed?
Our fathers broke King George's royal wing
For Freedom's sake, and shall a scatterling
Trace out the sea-lanes where our vessels speed?
No! No! Defiance to his teeth we'll fling.
Our father's sons are we—our veins shall bleed
And seas incarnadine—to prove we're true to breed.

Up with the starry banner we adore!
Ho! Bugler! Sound the trumpet's warning note!
Ho! Soldier! Sailor! Rally to the fore
And keep the dear old Stars and Stripes afloat.
Ere we our rights surrender—by a mote,
The scuppers of our decks shall run with gore,
And millions face the deadly cannon's throat.
Across the seas our stalwart men will pour
From Huron's lake to Gulf, from east to western shore!

Feb. 12, 1917.



APPENDIX

NOTES

① STANZA X, Page 30.

The Dream of Eugene Aram. A powerful ballad by Thomas Hood, founded on the story of Eugene Aram, a Yorkshire schoolmaster, who committed a murder under very peculiar circumstances. He hid the body in a cave and the bones were not discovered until fifteen years later. The murder so preyed upon Aram's mind that he was continually talking to his pupils about murders. Upon the discovery of the bones Aram was arrested, tried, found guilty, and hanged, after an unsuccessful attempt to commit suicide.

The story of Eugene Aram is also the basis of a novel by Bulwer Lytton and W. G. Wills has dramatized it.

② STANZA XXIII, Page 39.

Junkers. The German War Party.

③ STANZA XXX, Page 41.

Der Tag. In "tag" "a" takes the third sound as in the word "all."

④ STANZA XXXVII, Page 48.

Louvain. (Loo-vang'). A city in Belgium, population 50,000. On August 20, 21 and 22, 1914, more than 50,000 German soldiers passed through Louvain. On the night of the 22nd the city was given up to the soldiers to be sacked. Large groups of citizens were led to execution, the "brute" passions of the German soldiers broke their bonds, and for two days scenes of violence indescribable were enacted. After looting the city it was put to the torch and on August 24, it was a blackened ruin. The architectural treasures of the Halles and the University, with its famous library were destroyed. Only the wall of St. Peter's Church, which had contained

many priceless paintings, remained. This was the reward given to the German soldier for his splendid march through Belgium, and the capture of Brussels, which surrendered on August 20.

⑤ STANZA XXXIX, Page 49.

Many instances of the crucifixion of Canadian prisoners of war were reported during the early stages of the great conflict. The Germans considered that the Canucks were interlopers and so visited special vengeance on their Canadian prisoners. That is why the Canadians had "no accommodations for prisoners" in succeeding engagements until crucifixions stopped. During the sacking of Malines eyewitnesses reported that a victory-flushed soldier marched through the streets with the body of a baby stuck on the end of the bayonet affixed to his rifle, he and his comrades singing as they marched. (See Bryce Evidence).

⑥ STANZA XLII, Lines 5 and 6, Page 50.

Compare with:—

"And where the Spahi's hoof hath trod,
The verdure flies the bloody sod.

Byron, Mazeppa.

⑦ STANZA XLV, Page 51.

Soldiers, returning from France, say that there is a great difference in the manner in which the soldiers of the different nationalities die on the battlefield. Germans always lie flat on the ground, with their limbs spread wide apart; a Frenchman rolls himself into a ball with his head between his legs; Americans and British always lie on their side, as if asleep. This is a curious circumstance, but one that can be easily verified by making inquiries from those who have seen dead bodies of all nationalities on the battlefield.

⑧ STANZA LV, Page 59.

Sargasso Sea. A region occupying the interior of the great gyration of the Gulf Stream in the North Atlantic. Into it is collected a large proportion of the drift or wreck that floats upon this ocean. It is also called the "Graveyard of the Atlantic."

⑨ STANZA LXII, Page 61.

Compare with Stanza LX, Coleridge's "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner":

"An orphan's curse would drag to Hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die."

⑩ STANZA LXVI, Page 67.

Attila. The king of the Huns, usually called the "Scourge of God," on account of the ruthless and widespread destruction wrought by his arms.

⑪ STANZA LXVII, Page 68.

Here Death and the more horrible Life-in-Death shake the dice for the woodman, and the latter wins. Compare with "The Ancient Mariner," Stanza XLVI.

⑫ STANZA LXXI, Page 69.

Milo. An athlete of Crotona, who lived in the last part of the Sixth Century, B. C., and was noted for his amazing strength. He could carry on his shoulders a four-year-old heifer. Milo attempted to tear in twain a cleft tree, but the parts, closing on his hands, held him fast, until he was devoured by wolves.

"Remember Milo's end

Wedged in that timber which he strove to rend."

Wentworth Dillon, *Essays on Translated Verse*.

⑬ STANZA LXXI, Page 69.

The cleft stem of a tree. The two great English-speaking nations. The previous line refers to the German propaganda that was designed to separate them still further, but the cleft parts sprang together and held fast the modern Milo just as his prototype was held twenty-five centuries ago.

⑭ STANZA LXXIV, Line 1, Page 70.

St. Lucia's Thorn. St. Lucia was a martyr, put to death at Syracuse in 304. The "thorn" is in reality the

point of a sword, shown in all paintings of the saint, protruding through the neck. "Struck on St. Lucia's thorn" means on the rack, in torment.

⑮ STANZA LXXIV, Line 3, Page 70.

Luke's Iron Crown. George and Luke Dosa headed an unsuccessful revolt against the Hungarian nobles in the Sixteenth Century. Luke was put to death by a red-hot iron crown, in mockery of his having been proclaimed king. In the Twelfth Century, when Tancred usurped the crown of Sicily, Kaiser Heinrich VI. of Germany set him on a red-hot iron throne and crowned him with a red-hot iron crown.

⑯ STANZA LXXIV, Line 5, Page 70.

Tisiphone. (Ti-siph'o-ne). One of the three Furies and special avenger of murder. According to Greek mythology she sits day and night at Hell-gate, mounted on a winged griffin. She is covered with a bloody robe, her head coiled with serpents in lieu of hair, and her body bound with a girdle of vipers. She is always armed with a whip and is a terror to criminals, whom she pursues with unrelenting fury.

⑰ STANZA LXXV, Line 1, Page 70.

Pluto. In Greek mythology, the lord of the infernal regions.

⑱ STANZA LXXV, Line 3, Page 70.

Charon. (Ka'ron). The ferryman who transports the souls of the dead over the river Styx into the infernal regions.

⑲ STANZA LXXXI, Page 77.

The Warrior Cherubim, Gabriel, according to Milton, is called "Chief of the Angelic Guards." (Paradise Lost, IV., 549, and in book VI., 44 etc.) Michael is said to be of Celestial Armies Prince," and Gabriel "in military prowess next." Gabriel is also called the "Messenger of the Messiah," (Stanza LXXXII) because he was sent by the Messiah to execute His orders on the earth.

Gabriel appeared to Daniel and interpreted a vision (Daniel 8:16-27; 9:21-27).

Gabriel also appeared to Zacharias and said unto him, "I am Gabriel, that stand in the presence of God and am sent to speak unto thee." (Luke 1:19.)

Gabriel also appears to the Virgin Mary. (Luke 1:26-38).

In the Koran, Gabriel is represented as the medium of revelation to Mohammed.

Ⓔ STANZA LXXXI, Line 5, Page 77.

Hatzum. (3'syl.), the horse on which the Archangel Gabriel rode when he led a squadron of 3,000 angels against the Koreishites in the famous battle of Bedr.

Ⓕ STANZA LXXXIII, Page 78.

Ithuriel. (I-thu'ri-el). An angel, a character in Milton's "Paradise Lost." He was sent by Gabriel to find out Satan. The slightest touch of his spear exposed deceit.

Ⓖ STANZA LXXXV, Page 78.

Thou Deaf and Dumb Blind Mouth. Here we have a strange expression that looks, at the first glance, as if it might be a broken metaphor. Let us analyze it.

A King, Emperor or President of a nation, besides possessing the qualities of a Ruler, should also possess the qualities of a Judge, a Statesman, a Bishop, and a Pastor.

A Judge is a person who hears the grievances of his people and makes decisions that alleviate distress, restore justice, and establish equity; therefore, the worst judge is one who is "deaf."

A Statesman is one who speaks and is a leader in the councils of his state; therefore, the worst statesman is one who is "dumb."

A Bishop is one who sees or oversees his diocese; therefore, the most unbishoply character he can have is to be "blind."

A Pastor is one who feeds his flock; therefore, the most unpastoral trait he can possess is, instead of feeding, to want to be fed, to be a "mouth."

Take these four reverses together and we have "deaf and dumb blind mouth."

③ STANZA XCI, Line 1, Page 80.

The Cherub's Lance. The agitation of the woodman's mind is shown by his description of the weapon held by Ithuriel for he alternately calls it as a spear, a dart, a dirk, and a lance.

④ STANZA XCI, Line 3, Page 80.

Squat like a Toad. See "Paradise Lost, IV., line 800.

⑤ STANZA XCIII, Lines 3 and 4, Page 81.

"'Father,' at length he murmured low— and wept like childhood then,
"Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of war-like men!'"

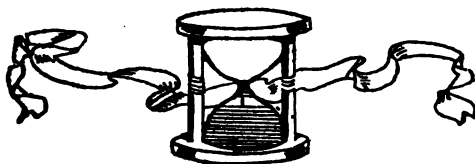
Felecia Hemems,—*"Bernardo del Carpio."*

⑥ STANZA CVI, Page 92.

See Revelations, VI., 16.

⑦ STANZA CIX, Page 93.

My punishment is more than I can bear. "And Cain said unto the Lord, my punishment is greater than I can bear." (Genesis, IV., 13).



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